

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets tonight, put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv. -

No, Indeed. Evelyn—Have you any secrets in your past? Harold—None to speak of.

Adrenal Liquid Screw Worm Killer kills the worm and heals the wound—Adv.

Comparative Misfortunes. "We certainly do have trouble. This year we had double pneumonia in the family." "That's nothing. We had twins in ours."

Force of Habit. "I think," she said, "that he has deceived us all. I don't think he is anything more than a clerk." "Why?"

"Because right in the middle of a proposal last night his mind wandered, and he said: 'You could wear a size smaller without any trouble at all.'—Everybody's."

Deserves Drowning. "What is the name of that song Mr. Yawper is singing?"

"It's the new sentimental ballad entitled 'Drifting in a Canoe With the Girl of Your Dreams.'"

"As a rule I am not in favor of rocking the boat, but in a case like this I think it ought to be done."

What the Small Man Dreamt. A member of the company seated in a train the other day had been relating some wonderful stories of dreams fulfilled. Suddenly he turned on the diminutive passenger who had smiled at one of his yarns. "You appear to doubt my word, sir," he remarked. "Perhaps you imagine that dreams have no value?"

"Mine hadn't!" murmured the little man.

"Indeed! And what did you dream?"

"That a big black dog sprang out of the passage and took about half a pound out of the calf of my leg!"

"Strange to say," he continued, "the dog that actually did bite me was the dog of my dream!"

"There you are, then!" ejaculated the other man. "If you'd valued the dream at its proper worth you'd have been on the lookout for that dog, and might have escaped. And yet you say that dreams have no value!"

"And I repeat, sir, that mine hadn't, for, unfortunately, I met the dog before I had the dream!"



Steady Those Nerves!

If it's caffeine—the drug in coffee—that's causing shaky nerves, the remedy is perfectly plain—

Quit coffee, and for a pleasant, healthful table beverage, use—

POSTUM

Postum is a delicious cereal drink, pure and nourishing and absolutely free from any harmful ingredient.

There's a big army of Postum users who are enjoying better health and comfort since joining the ranks.

"There's a Reason"

The PURPLE MASK

by Grace Givard
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Patricia Monte, known as the Sphinx, a famous detective, is introduced to him, retelling a series of events meant to test his abilities. Later, Mrs. Van Nuy, Pat's aunt, meets Jacques and, and Pat becomes a thief in reality to provide funds with which to carry on Mrs. Van Nuy's charities. A series of thrilling events ensue. Pat has tricked Jakobski, a dealer in counterfeit art objects, when he undertakes to bribe her judges at the Paris academy to award the grand prize. Pat changes the picture, and the prize goes to a student in whom she has shown friendly interest. Jakobski leads a band of crooks who interrupt the celebration at the studio of the successful student. Kelly, who has heard of the plot, is present in disguise, and during a fight that ensues, he carried off by Jakobski's crooks and thrown into a room in a deserted house. The door slides from under Kelly's feet, and in a tank of water beneath him hammer-headed alligators fight to devour him. Pat is trying to rescue him by making a hole in the ceiling above his head when the episode ends.

FIFTH EPISODE

Ablaze in Mid-Air.

The loose planking that had been carelessly nailed to form the floor that separated Pat from the room below, rattled under the girl's feet as she hurried to the rescue of Phil Kelly, who was struggling against odds in the room below. With feverish haste the girl grasped the edge of the board, forcing her fingers through the wide cracks that separated the planks, one from the other.

She could hear Kelly's wild shouts for help, coming to her from the room below. The ominous swish of the tails of a score of alligators as they struggled in the water to reach their hapless victim, added a note of extreme terror to the situation.

Kelly's hands and fingers were bleeding from his mad work, trying to save himself from falling into the tank of water among the alligators.

Jacques who had followed Pat up the rickety stairs where she had run in the hope of finding a means of rescuing the Sphinx, added his efforts to the girl's eager struggles.

"Hold on for your life," Pat called down to the detective. "I'll not see you eaten alive if my efforts can prevent it."

While Jacques worked with his strong hands, Pat scurried about the room in which she suddenly found herself, and discovered a piece of rope. As a gift from the gods she pounced upon the rope, and by using short pieces of planking to pry the boards loose Jacques soon made a hole in the floor large enough to accommodate Kelly's body.

When they had drawn Kelly far enough to permit him to help himself by reaching up to grasp the planks and rafters, Pat shouted to Jacques:

"You stay and see him out of his trouble. I'm going to disappear."

It was the next day before Kelly could reach Pat on the phone and ask permission to call upon her. And then the girl put him off with a series of excuses that exasperated him.

"I can't understand why you will not let me call and thank you for saving my life, Miss Pat," Kelly finally said over the phone.

"The truth is, if you must know, I don't require any thanks. It was just the logical action of one human being toward another in distress," said the girl.

"But your action puzzles me—" Kelly started to continue.

"And that's just what I have set out to do," interrupted the girl, "to keep you guessing and make you prove that what your admirers say about your being the greatest detective in all Europe."

Before Kelly could continue the conversation Pat had terminated his opportunity by hanging up the receiver.

"I'll make Mr. Kelly regret the day he snubbed me," she said to herself, as she lit a cigarette and languidly dropped upon the divan.

Mrs. Van Nuy interrupted her reverie by entering Pat's boudoir and announcing:

"We are invited to the Crosbys tonight, my dear. They are giving a party and want you and me to attend," said Mrs. Van Nuy.

"The Crosbys are all right I suppose—but I would rather remain at home," said Pat a little wearily. "But if you would like me to go, auntie, I am perfectly agreeable to the idea," she added.

And it was finally agreed that they should be numbered among the Crosbys' guests at the party. After Mrs. Van Nuy had left the room Pat began to conjure some method to ring Kelly into the occasion and further humiliate him. And in the hour or more she devoted to the subject, Pat thought out a way to make the Sphinx still further regret that he had been rude to her.

Taking up her pen, Pat wrote a note, in disguised hand, informing Kelly that there would be a great display of

jewels at the Crosby fete, and asking that he attend to protect the valuables.

"There will be one jewel, almost priceless, that the Apaches are planning to get. We hear you are a great detective and suggest that you take measures to prevent the robbery."

When the Sphinx received the communication from the hands of one of the messengers Jacques sent at Pat's command, the detective wrinkled his brow, as he contemplated the scrawl.

"This girl is defying me again. Her conduct is a mystery—but I'll not take the likes of a girl and do nothing to resent them," he muttered to himself.

Calling two of his assistants he instructed them to have men enough scattered through the Crosby grounds that evening to cope successfully with any emergency.

Meanwhile Pat had been in consultation with Jacques and had outlined her plans for the Crosby affair.

"There is a man from the aviation corps who wants to join our band," Jacques informed the girl leader of the Apaches, "but we have told him he must first gain your sanction."

Pat thought for a moment, knitting her beautiful brow as she carefully considered what Jacques had said. Finally, as if resolved upon her plans of action, she said:

"Get him and bring him here before this evening. I have something for him to do and if he stands the test we will have a valuable addition to our forces." Jacques bowed in a silent promise to do as he was bidden.

Larry De Saint was one of the most fearless aviators in the army corps. His venturesome spirit had led him to the Apaches. When he visited Pat and explained his motive, the girl-leader remarked:

"You will find plenty of excitement with us, and if you wish to join, we will let you start this very evening. Jacques will go into the detail with you, but we will want to see your airplane this evening." And then Pat turned De Saint over to Jacques for final instructions.

The beautiful girl had gone so far in her strange adventures, that she was now infatuated with the excitement—and she was also fulfilling her promise, to herself, that Kelly should be made to suffer humiliation. Then, too, her aunt's charity fund needed constant replenishing, and the mortgage Jakobski held on the Orphanus Home had not been disposed of.

"You must not insist on knowing where I get the money, or how I get it, nuntie dear," Pat said to Mrs. Van Nuy.

"I have a method of collecting that is unusual, I will admit, but I am not going to divulge the secret," Jacques drove Pat to the hangar where De Saint kept his airplane that afternoon and the girl looked over the ground to familiarize herself with the situation. She said to De Saint:

"I have come out to get the lay of the land, so I will know how to get here sometime when I'm in a hurry. Jacques has told you what we expect of you tonight, and I can promise you plenty of excitement," she continued.

"You may depend upon me to obey orders, Miss Pat," said the aviator.

"Be in the air above the Crosby grounds by ten o'clock this evening, and await my signals," said the girl as she entered her automobile and hurried to her home.

The Crosby mansion and estate were a scene of brilliancy.

Pat's Apaches were well distributed throughout the grounds, where they could see and not be seen.

Phil Kelly had sent his own men to the Crosby grounds, warning them to be on the lookout for the Apaches and likewise in any emergency. The Sphinx came in his automobile and had the machine parked where it would be easy of access in a hurry call.

Mrs. Van Nuy and Pat arrived some time before the detective, and when he entered the drawing room Kelly was fairly entranced by the vision of beauty the girl presented.

As Pat walked about the drawing room Kelly's admiring gaze followed her every movement.

"Kelly, you're sleeping," the Sphinx said to himself. "You better look out or you'll be in love."

Then as if to reprimand himself for "even thinking of such nonsense," Kelly turned abruptly on his heel, and walked into an adjoining room.

It was some little time before Pat came face to face with the Sphinx in the Crosby drawing room.

"How charming you look, Miss Pat," was Kelly's stammered compliment when he came face to face with the beautiful Patricia.

"You are even more lovely than you seemed to be when looking down upon me as I lingered near the jaws of death," the Sphinx continued.

"Hush! Please be careful and don't ever mention that scene again," Pat implored, as her face flushed scarlet.

"I may not mention it, but I shall ever be grateful to you, Miss Pat," the Sphinx responded; and then to change the subject he continued:

"Rather surprised to see me here, Miss Pat?" he said inquiringly.

"Not in the least," the beautiful girl replied. She fixed her great eyes full upon Kelly's face and continued deliberately:

"I had heard you were called to guard the jewels, and I wonder if you can prevent them being stolen." She kept her gaze fixed upon the Sphinx as she waited for his answer.

"Miss Pat," he finally said, with great deliberation, "I'll prevent the Apaches from getting the jewels if I am compelled to expose their leader and arrest every guest in attendance here."

"How dramatic that would be," said Pat, accompanying her remark with one of her musical little laughs.

"This is a good time to laugh, Miss Pat," the Sphinx remarked, as he turned from the girl and abruptly ended the conversation.

"He is just as rude as ever," Pat said to herself as she stood where Kelly had so ungraciously left her.

Pat's eyes flashed with resolution. She went to a low French window that looked out upon the Crosby grounds and signaled to see if the Apaches were assembled and ready to take orders. The response quickly assured her.

The Crosby guests were assembling round a monster punch bowl, on a table in the center of the drawing room, when Pat turned from the window. As she started toward the table there was an ominous crash, of a bursting bomb, as it fell in the grounds near the mansion.

Women screamed with terror, and the male guests rushed out upon the lawn, with excited shouts that an air raid upon Paris was in progress. The guests surged in and out of doors, rushing from one room to the other while Pat waited patiently behind the window portieres for her chance to act.

The jewels had just been brought in to the drawing room to be admired by the guests when the crashing of the bomb turned the scene into bedlam and everyone began to rush aimlessly about. Even Kelly, usually cool and unshakable, was thrown off his guard.

He rushed out of doors with the other men and gazed wonderingly upward. Far above them an airplane circled over head, the whirr of its engine being plainly heard.

The time Kelly had consumed upon the lawn was enough for Pat to accomplish, by quick action, what the Sphinx had been hired to prevent. She fled from her cover behind the portieres, ran to the punch bowl table at a moment the drawing room was deserted and there, where she had but to reach out her hand and take them, gleaned the Crosby gems in plain view.

Pat snatched the jewels from the box containing them, and quickly disappeared from the scene. She had gone to another room, when the men returned from watching the airplane.

Kelly ran straight to the table—and found only the empty jewel box. As he turned for a moment to hastily survey the room, the Sphinx saw a trim slight figure, dressed in Apache costume, disappear through the low French window.

Pat had gone into an adjoining room and hurriedly divested herself of the evening gown she had put on over her Apache costume. Watching her opportunity, she slipped through the window and was fleeing toward her automobile when Kelly hunted from the Crosby mansion in hot pursuit.

Straight to the airplane hangar Pat was driven by her faithful chauffeur. As close behind as he could speed his machine came Kelly in eager chase.

"I was going to give this package to you," Pat shouted as she reached the hangar and was met by De Saint, "but I'm too closely pursued to get away myself. So you'll have to take me with you in the air and hand me at a safe place—then I can make my way home."

In the brief moment Pat had taken to explain, Kelly had reached the hangar and was hurrying into the yard. De Saint signaled to the Apaches who were there to protect their leader, and the Sphinx was surprised by the opposition that confronted and quickly started to overpower him while he dashed toward Pat and De Saint as they were preparing to go aloft in the airplane.

There was a sharp stiff fight, with Kelly out-matched in strength by the numbers who assailed him. Just as the airplane began its short run on the ground in preparation to ascend, one of the Apaches landed a stunning blow on Kelly's chin, and he fell unconscious into the machine's structure.

De Saint and his fair passenger started to rise from the ground. The machine was acting queer and De Saint shouted to Pat that there was something wrong. The girl turned in her seat, by partly unloosening the straps that bound her, and beheld a sight that unnerved her for the moment, and fully explained the cause of the trouble.

The limp form of a man rested on one of the airplane's wings, and put the machine out of balance.

Half dazed by terror, and almost paralyzed by the surprise of her discovery, Pat managed to shout to De Saint that the cause of his trouble had been disclosed.

"There is a man lying senseless on one of the wings," she screamed in De Saint's ear.

"Try and haul him in here," answered the aviator, recognizing the Sphinx's body.

But as Pat turned to obey instructions the airplane suddenly swerved. De Saint worked desperately at the controlling handles—but to no purpose.

The frail strapping began to descend with lightning speed toward the ground. Pat closed her eyes, in resignation to the fate that threatened. There was a crash of breaking branches, a swish of leaves and bending boughs, and the airplane came to a sudden stop, caught safely in the top of a giant tree.

Then another frightful and more terrible fate than the one they had seemingly so narrowly escaped, faced the imperiled trio. Flames burst suddenly forth from the ignited insoline and began to envelop the frail structure with leaping tongues of fire.

(END OF FIFTH EPISODE.)

HAD A CAPITAL OF \$400

In Six Years He Was Well Off

An Alberta farmer, who had borrowed from a loan company, in re-mitting to them the last payment on his mortgage, decided to give them the history of his experience, on a Manitoba farm. It was that of many another farmer, and for the benefit of those who contemplate a change the liberty is taken of reproducing it.

"I will give you here a brief summary of my experience since coming here six years ago. I was a new hand at farming, my trade being meat-cutting and butchering. My capital was \$300, which was a first payment on my quarter section (160 acres). Most of my stock, harness, implements, etc., were bought at sales, all 'on time,' necessarily. The buildings on the place were about as good as nothing and had either to be rebuilt or replaced entirely. There were 20 acres broken, and very badly farmed, bringing poor returns the first year." After mentioning a number of mischances, he says: "In spite of all these drawbacks, I have done well. I consider my farm worth \$3,500 to \$4,000. I have four head of horses, 12 of cattle, over 400 purebred Buff Orpington chickens and 125 turkeys, besides implements, harness, etc., to run my place. I have a well 170 feet deep with an inexhaustible supply of water. The well with pump cost me \$400. I have built a \$125 chicken house and put up nearly \$50 worth of poultry fencing; have built root cellars to hold over 3,000 bushels of potatoes and other vegetables. As to income, I raise about ten acres of garden and roots annually which net from \$600 to \$1,000 total. I generally sell from 20 to 40 tons timothy hay which brings from \$8 to \$14 per ton. My grain is most all used on the farm except a few hundred bushels sold to the neighbors for seed. My four milk cows bring in from \$50 to \$80 each (counting calf). Last year 80 hens laid 600 dozen eggs which averaged more than 25 cents a dozen (I always work for winter egg production). The surplus hens were sold in spring, dressed at \$1 each. My turkeys average \$2.50 each in fall. By having vegetables to feed my young cattle, the two-year-old steers bring \$75 each in spring."—Advertisement.

Strong Convictions. "I don't believe in war," remarked Broncho Bob.

"Neither do I," replied Three Finger Sam. "And I also don't believe in horse-stealing; therefore being 'willin' to get out with a fire-arm and discourage anybody who tries to 'induce the custom.'"

A QUEERNESS IN HER HEAD

Caused This Lady Much Suffering Which She Says Cardui Finally Relieved.

Chadborn, N. C.—Mrs. M. D. McPherson, of R. F. D. No. 1, this place, says: "My first trouble was monthly misery, ever since I was a girl. I had headache, backache, and would stagger . . . with a queerness in my head. I would faint, and could not stand on my feet. Would suffer so, I would just get down on my knees by a chair at . . . time. We would have the Dr. and take things to relieve me, but without result."

"I read of Cardui—took 6 bottles and was cured of this painful trouble. Since that I have taken it a bottle at a time as a tonic and find it all or more than recommended. Have taken it before child birth which strengthened me, but my suffering before I heard of Cardui, at . . . was equal to . . . pains. I would have to go to bed for 2 or 3 days each month."

"I am strong and well today. I believe Cardui saved my life, for it is wonderful medicine."

"My sister used Cardui. She too knows the great good derived from it. . . I praise it every day."

Cardui may be the very medicine you have long been needing. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Composed of purely vegetable ingredients, it cannot harm you, but should surely do for you, what it has done for others—help you.—Adv.

An English scientist has succeeded in obtaining seven gallons of fuel oil from a ton of seaweed.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

The world's most moderate smoker died recently in Montana. He smoked one cigar a year, on his birthday.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 36 cents a bottle. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Genuine Co-operation Assured

Nature often needs help to keep the digestive system in a normal condition, and with the aid of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

you are able to provide the co-operation Nature requires.

Many Are Like Her. Melvin Rouff was talking about compulsory arbitration.

"The trouble with the world in general," he said, thoughtfully, "is that we all know just what the other fellow ought to do, but we take little account of what we ought to do ourselves."

"I found a young bride one day bending with a stern and severe air over a dry-looking volume."

"What are you reading?" I asked. "An excellent work," she replied, "called 'Happiness in Marriage.'"

"What advice," I said, "does it give to wives?" "I don't know," she answered, "I'm reading the advice to husbands."

SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

Sleep, Mothers Rest After Treatment With Cuticura—Trial Free.

Send today for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and learn how quickly they relieve itching, burning skin troubles, and point to speedy healing of baby rashes, eczema and itchings. Having cleared baby's skin keep it clear by using Cuticura exclusively.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

At the Musicals. She—How can you say that violinist played feelingly? Why, he slid all over the finger board in finding his notes!

He—Yes, I know. That's why I said it.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it to the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Easy. British Visitor—Why do people turn to the right in this blooming country?

Native—So they won't get left.

Though the American eagle is a tough old bird, there is a legal tenderness about its portrait on a silver dollar.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 75% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Texas Case

A. S. Johnson, Beeville, Texas, says: "A year and a half ago I realized my kidneys were affected. When lifting, a sharp pain caught me across my back and I had to give up. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and I was awaked terribly. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills put my kidneys in good shape. And for the past several years I have had no further need of a kidney medicine."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

IF YOU CAN

Invest \$25 cash and a few dollars monthly, you can become associated with a company that should return big profits. You will recognize the truth of this statement when it is presented to you. This is not oil, mining or a scheme. Your banker or lawyer can O. K. our business. Address P. O. BOX 875, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SWEET POTATO PLANTS

Immediate shipment. Nancy Hall and Porto Rico 1500 to 2500 at \$1.00 per 1000; 10,000 and up at \$1.00.

FROST PROOF CABBAGE PLANTS

All kinds of varieties. 1500 to 2500 at \$1.00 per 1000; 10,000 and up at \$1.00. Frost proof cabbage plants at \$1.00 per 1000; 10,000 and up at \$1.00. Frost proof cabbage plants at \$1.00 per 1000; 10,000 and up at \$1.00.

ECZEMA

Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, PITCH or other itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Shreveport, La.

TYPHOID

It is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experiments have demonstrated the almost miraculous effect of the vaccine. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or read for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typh